

House Carpenter / The Scioto Valley Mills

House Carpenter

AFS 1001 A1

Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met well met says he. I just returned from the saltwater sea, And it's all for the love of thee. And it's all for the love of thee.

I might have married a king's daughter fair, If she would have married me. But I have forsaken all the crowns of gold, And it's all for the love of thee. And it's all for the love of thee.

If you could have married a king's daughter fair, I am sure you are much for to blame. For I have married a house carpenter, And I think he's a nice young man. And I think he's a nice young man.

If you will leave your house carpenter, And go along with me. I'll take you where the grass grows, grows green, On the shores of Italy. On the shores of Italy.

I have seven ships a lying in port, And seven more out on sea. One hundred forty bay sailor men, And all for the love of thee. And all for the love of thee.

Oh, then she called her little babe, And kisses gave it three. Saying stay at home my little dear, Keep your father's company. Keep your father's company.

Then she prepared for the trip, She dressed in the richest attire. And as she walked the streets alone, Everyone did her admire. Everyone did her admire.

She had not been at sea three weeks, I'm sure it was not four. Until she began to weep alas, And wept most bitter and sore. And wept most bitter and sore.

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Is it for my gold you weep, Or is it for my friend. Or is it for your house carpenter, You'll never see anymore. You'll never see anymore.

It's neither for your gold I weep, Or neither for my friends. It is for my dear little babe, That I never can see anymore. That I never can see anymore.

The gallant ship she sprang a leak, As she sailed those urging sea. And sank beneath the stormy waves, And never more to be. And never more to be.

No matter how high a bird may fly, It must come down for to drink. The deeds we sow into harvest grow, Lord help us to stop and think. Lord help us to stop and think.

The Scioto Valley Mills

AFS 1001 A2

We are loaded for the Scioto Valley mills, Where they make the best of liquors. There's a nip for you, oh yes, yes all the crew, For the glasses are handy and dippers. You bet we take our little jugs along, No matter what the size or colors. For it warms us up, whatever be the hours, Be it summer, winter, any weather.

Yes, the old Scioto Valley mills are great, Eats, corn, and wheat, bushels many. He's a great big boy, and fills your heart with joy, Like her [Lacbourne?] brother "Mother-penny" There's Waverly and Chillicothe two, Circleville and [Lockville?] so handy. And our rainbow fort, we have the fun and sport, Everybody feeling fine and dandy.

Sometimes we go down the Ohio whisky town, Cincinnati, whisky and brandy. But we'd watch our boats and keep all things afloat, For we know that all things were handy. But no matter what the trip would be, The canal was my only lover. And I never cared for any other place, In my heart there's no room for.....

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[Note: Recording ends abruptly.]